

# WINIFRIDA:

A S O N G.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WELCH,

BY DR. PERCT.

II.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

III.

BEAUTY *and* VIRTUE UNITED.

IV.

THE WISH.



GLASGOW:

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# WINIFRIDA:

## A SONG.

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### I.

AWAY! let nought to Love displeasing,  
My Winifrida, move your care,  
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,  
No squeamish Pride, nor gloomy Fear.

### II.

What, tho' no grants of Royal Donors,  
With pompous titles grace our blood;  
We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
And to be *Noble*, we'll be *Good*.

### III.

Our name, while Virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound, where'er 'tis spoke;  
And all the *great ones* much shall wonder,  
How they respect such *little folk*.

### IV.

What, tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty,  
No mighty treasures we possess;  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

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## V.

Still, shall each kind returning season,  
 Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
 For we will live *a life of reason*,  
 And that's the *only* life to live.

## VI.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread ;  
 Sweet-smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

## VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
 While round my knees they fondly clung!  
 To see them look their mother's features,  
 And hear them ~~lisp~~ their mother's tongue!

## VIII.

And when, with envy, Time transported,  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys ;  
 You'll in your *Girls* again be courted,  
 And I'll go wooing in my *Boys*.



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## THE POWER OF LOVE.

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### I.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,  
More fragrant than the damask rose;  
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,  
Gentle as winds when zephyr blows;  
Refreshing as descending rains,  
On sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

### II.

True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun;  
Constant as gliding waters roll,  
Whose swelling tides obey the moon:  
From ev'ry other charmer free,  
My life and love shall follow thee.

### III.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,  
The dam the tender kid pursues;  
Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs,  
With verdant spring her notes renews:  
All follow what they most admire,  
As I pursue my soul's desire.

## IV.

Nature must change her beauteous face,  
 And vary as the seasons rise ;  
 As Winter to the Spring gives place,  
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies ;  
 No change on Love the seasons bring,  
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

## V.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,  
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow ;  
 And marble tow'rs and gates of brass,  
 In his rude march he levels low :  
 But Time, destroying far and wide,  
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

## VI.

Death only, with his cruel dart,  
 The gentle godhead can remove ;  
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,  
 To mingle with the blest above ;  
 Where, known to all his kindred train,  
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

## VII.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,  
 Twin-born, from Heav'n, together came :  
 Love will the universe controul,  
 When dying seasons lose their name :  
 Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,  
 When time and Death shall be no more.

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## BEAUTY AND VIRTUE UNITED;

### A S O N G.

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#### I.

WHEN *Innocence* and *Beauty* meet,  
To add to lovely female grace,  
How far, beyond expressing sweet,  
Is ev'ry feature of the face?

#### II.

When *Peace* and *Wisdom* hold their sway,  
And *Virtue* fills the glowing breast,  
Each winning charm, serenely gay,  
Is in th' angelic form confels'd.

#### III.

O *sacred Virtue*! tune my voice  
With heart-inspiring harmony;  
Then shall thy *calm*, yet *rapt'rous* joys!  
Expand my soul with love of *thee*.

#### IV.

Thus, mine shall be true bliss refin'd,  
When this vain shadow flies away:  
Th' eternal beauties of the mind,  
Shall last when all things else decay.



## THE WISH.



GIVE me, kind Heav'n, the middle state,  
Not meanly poor, not proudly great !  
I ask no wealth, no pow'r I crave ;  
Let me not have, nor be a slave :  
O'er no man let me covet rule ;  
Let no man e'er make me his tool.

The duty I to others owe,  
Teach thou my rebel heart to know,  
Yet let me never anxious be,  
For duty others owe to me :  
But think, ere I too much expect,  
The higher duties I neglect.

Bless me with health, to earn my food,  
With wisdom, to discern what's good.  
Lest let me others' errors mind,  
Than those within myself I find ;  
Averse to make their foibles known,  
As careful to conceal my own :  
And, lest I do another wrong,  
Restrain the licence of my tongue !

The ills, as mortal, I must share,  
Make me, without repining, bear :  
Convinc'd, the sinful cause is mine,  
The merciful chastisement thine.

On ev'ry fellow-mortal's wo,  
 Let me a ready tear bestow ;  
 Nor be so much of need afraid,  
 As to with-hold my little aid,  
 When weeping Want, with trembling hand,  
 Makes, in thy name, its meek demand.

When Innocence gives laughter birth,  
 Let me not check the harmless mirth ;  
 But bless the voice, that kindly cries—  
 ' Be *merry*, mortals, and be *wise*.'

O gracious Heav'n, these blessings give !  
 I care not *where*, but *how*, I live !



## VERSES ON YOUTH :

A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

*" Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."*  
 Eccles.

THE pliant soul of erring youth  
 Is like soft wax, or moisten'd clay,  
 Apt to receive all *Heav'nly Truth*,  
 Or yield to *tyrant Ill*, the sway.

### II.

Shun evil in your early years,  
 So manhood shall to virtue rise :  
 He who, in youth, a fool appears,  
 In age, will ne'er be counted wise.

FINIS.



and,

ON.

youth."

Ecclef.